MILTON's

Paradiſe Loſt

Imitated in Rhyme.

In the *Fourth Sixth* and *Ninth* Books;

CONTAINING

The Primitive *LOVES.*
The *BATTEL* of the *Angels.*
The *FALL* of *MAN.*

By Mr. *John Hopkins.*

In Magnis vel voluiſſe Sat eſt.

LONDON,

Printed for *Ralph Smith*, at the *Bible* under the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*, 1699.

TO THE

Truly Honourable

LORD CUTTS:

THE reall Lover, burning for the Fair,
Rather than offer up a Fawning Pray'r,
Owns his Demerits, owns his Juſt deſpair.
Crowns her with parting Praiſes, all her due;
Bluſhing ſhe Hears them, but Believes them true:
The Poet ſo ſhould to his Patron move,
And ſue to Honour as he ſues to Love.

No conſtant Youth a Second charm can Boaſt,
They feel not Fierce deſires, who Court the moſt,
Should I loſe thee, then every Patron's loſt.

DEDICATION.

No more to Greatneſs would the Poet ſue,
Honour's indeed A Name, if ſuch in You.
All but my conſtant humble Faith is gone,
Yet, my ſole Claim, is, I pretend to none.
Beneath your Gen'rous ſmiles aſſur'd I grow;
Who makes me Happy will confirm me ſo.
Well may he own his Fortunes once depreſt,
Who finds his late paſt Ills can make him Bleſt.
Let others Quarrell with exalted State,
'Tis mine to Praiſe, who know thee more than great.
O what return can you, my *Lord*, receive?
Or what can Poets to their Patrons give,
What, what ſhall I who thro' your Favour live.
The Muſes off'rings to your Fame I owe,
That taught me Verſe, and to Deſpiſe it too.
No guift, no recompence, can Fancy make,
You only give whence you can never take.

Others

DEDICATION.

Others are pleas'd with Gain, you pleas'd, Beſtow,
Generous, alone becauſe you Will be ſo.
All I can be, to you, my *Lord*, is due,
Ev'n my beſt Hopes have been Deriv'd from you.
If e're to active Good I bend my Pow'rs,
Mine is the Profit, but the Glory yours.

THE

THE

PREFACE.

IT *has been the Misfortune of one of my Name to affront the Sacred Proſe of* David, *with Intollerable Rhyme, and 'Tis mine, I fear, to have abus'd allmoſt as Sacred Verſe. I have only this Excuſe, when I did it, I did not ſo well Percieve the Majeſty and Noble air of* Mr. Milton's *Style as now I do; and were it not allready done, I muſt confeſs, I never ſhould attempt it; but if others have the ſame Opinion of this great Author, as I have, he will not Suffer by me, but rather be the more Admir'd. To ſay I had nothing elſe to do, when I undertook this, will be no excuſe, for Idleneſs can no more excuſe a man for doing Ill, than Triviall buſſineſs can for not doing Good. And to own I envy'd* Mr. Milton *in his* Paradiſe, *would make me look like* Satan *in the Eyes of the World, who thought it worſe than Hell to ſee thoſe Seats of Happineſs which the Firſt pair enjoy'd; yet, I am ſo Conſcious of my Tranſgreſ-*

ſion

ſion now, I allmoſt doubt, I did; However, this Great Father of the Poetick race of Men, I am aſſur'd, can't fall by me, Tho' every Charming Fair ſhould Play the Eve, and Praiſe the Fruit. His work like the Tree of Knowledge is Forbidden to the Ladies, to thoſe I mean, who would Taſt the Apples, but care not for Climbing to the Bough, and I have heard ſome ſay Mr. Milton in Rhyme would be a Fine thing; well, if they ſay ſo, that muſt Satisfy all my preſent Expectation, and for ought I know, Hercules look'd well enough in Petticoats; If it will Oblidge them, I ſhould be apt to throw off the Lyon's Skin, and put the ſoft Apparell on the Whole; Yet, when 'tis done, I muſt needs own, I would rather Look on Mr. Milton Plain, (if I may ſay ſo) than in the Gawdy dreſs my Effeminate Fancy gave him.

The flaming Sword drove our firſt Parents out of Paradiſe, but Mr. Milton's Pen has again reſtor'd it; ſtrange reſtitution! He gives it, only telling how we Loſt it. Tho' I have but Play'd with him, it has Coſt me Pains; he is too Strong for Dallyance; and I, too weak to Cloſe with him, have only Touch'd him at a diſtance, but in the Wide conflict, the Serpent (he ſo well deſcribes) has ſlipt me, and I have been deceiv'd in his Speech as well as Eve; he who could Break the Fetters in Hell aſign'd him, diſdain'd the Chains of Rhyme; however if I attempt any further on Mr. Milton, I ſhall ſit Cloſer to him, but if I meet cenſure for what I have allready done, I have no Paradiſe of Fame to fall from, and at worſt, can but be ſaid to Slip at that Precipice where all Mankind has Fallen. Now I would beg the Reader's Pardon for a Digreſſion, but I think Nothing that is Neceſſa-

ry,

ry, can be ſuch. I am Generally reported the Author of a Book written in prejudice of Mr. Congreve; *I ſhall ſay but little in my own Vindication, and the odd reaſon I give for it is, becauſe I am greatly Wrong'd; Excuſe is infinite as Knowledge; they who Favour me with their acquantance, and know all I Write, and allmoſt all I Think, give me Aſſurance they Believe I would no more be Authour of any thing Scandalous of* Mr. Congreve, *than thoſe he Favours with his, can Believe he would Deſerve it. In ſhort, I declare, I am not, and if that be not Satisfaction to others, I muſt, Submitting to their Cenſures, be as Satisfy'd as I can my Self.*

Advertiſements.

THE Triumphs of Peace, or Glories of *Naſſaw*, a *Pindarick* Poem.

2 The Victory of *Death*, or the fall of *Beauty* a Viſionary *Pindarick* Poem, Occaſioned by the Death of the *Lady Cutts*. both by Mr. *John Hopkins*.

3 Contemplations on the State of man in this *Life*, and in that which is to come, by Bp. *Jeremy Taylor*.

All Sold by *R. Smith*, at the *Bible* under the *Piazza* of the *Royall Exchange* in *Cornhill*.

THE

The Primitive LOVES.

BEING AN

IMITATION

Of the 4*th.* BOOK, of

MILTONS Paradiſe

LOST.

The *Primitive*

LOVES.

Being an *Imitation* of the 4*th*. *Book*, of *MILTON'S* Paradiſe *LOST*.

DESIGNING *Satan*, now in *Eden*, Sees
Tall Spreading Groves, and Ranks of Loft-
Around the walls of Praradiſe they Grew, (ty Trees.
And Seem'd delightfull at a diſtant view,
But all within, more Goodly plants appear,
Bloſſoms and Fruits at once their Branches bear,
And leafs with Blooming Colours, all the Year.

Or'e the high walls, with a Diſdainful bound,
The Tempter leaps on the yet Happy ground.
Thence to the Tree of Life he boldly Flew,
Plac'd in the Midſt, the Talleſt there that grew.
Where Proudly Seated he ſurveys the Fields,
And all the Pleaſures which the proſpect Yields.
To him God's Garden no delight can give,
He thought it Hell in Paradiſe to Live.
With Scornfull eyes He did from thence behold,
The branches Bending with their growing Gold.
Beneath him far he View'd the fragrant Bow'rs,
Fair, odor'ous Plants, and various Smilling flow'rs.
He ſaw the banks Waſh'd by the Chryſtall ſtreams,
And ſilent Rivers Silver'd or'e with Beams.
He ſaw the Meads, the Vales, and charming Groves,
Saw *Eve* and *Adam*, and Obſerv'd their Loves.

For

For now the Happy pair to Shades retreat,
Their Labours paſt, to Shun the Schorching Heat.
Hand Joyn'd in Hand, their eyes dart am'rous Flame
Naked they Stood, yet Stood ſecure from Shame,
From pureſt thoughts their ardent wiſhes move,
They knew no paſſion, but Exceſs of Love.
Thus paſt they on, in Cloſe Embraces ſtill,
Nor God, nor *Angels* ſhun'd, for they conceiv'd no ill.
His Curling Hair was or'e his Shoulders Spread,
He of a Strong, and Vig'rous Structure made.
Her Golden Treſſes his in Length Surpaſt,
In Eaſy waves they Flow'd, behind her Caſt,
And fell, like a Fair viel, adown Her Slender waſte,
She, to Whate'er, he Offer'd by Her ſide, (Pride.
Yeilded with coy Submiſſion, and with Modeſt
And now arriv'd at Their Appointed Seat,
With gratefull thanks their Supper Fruits they eat.

The

The Loaded branches with their Burthens bow,
The Fruits, by their unweildy weight complying
(now,
Bend or'e their Heads, and Court them as they
(Grow.
On Flow'ry banks in their Fair Bow'rs they ſit,
Bow'rs, for ſuch Loves, and for ſuch Lovers fit.
Around them far and near their Creatures Play,
In Mutual fondneſs Happy too as they.
All Beaſts before them mild, and Gentle be,
And the proud *Lyon*, Humbly Wooes his Shee.
And now fond *Adam* to his Beauteous *Eve*,
Mixt with his Speech, do's ſome dear Kiſſes give.
Thus with endearing Words his ſilence Breaks,
And his fair Bride leans Melting while he Speaks,
Thy wellfare Chiefly all my thougths Employs,
Sole cauſe, and Partner of my greateſt Joys.
'Tis thou, thou only Giv'ſt theſe Sweets I ſee;
My Pleaſures and Delights are Centred all in thee,

I grow Tranſported when your charms you (Shew,
Your Love and Fondneſs, makes them allways (new,

This place had not been Paradiſe, had I wanted (you.

But now, Dear fair, above Expreſſion Dear,

Think who created us, and plac'd us Here,

Obey his will, and mind his Fixt decree,

Nor dare to Taſt of the Forbidden Tree.

The tree of Knowledge Still forbear to Know,

The Tree of Knowledge is the tree of Woe.

Taſt not it's Fruits, nor pluck them with thy (Hand,

This is the *Lord's*, and this is my command.

To us God dayly do's new Joys afford,

Then let us thank our God, then let us praiſe the (*Lord.*

For all the Mercies he is Pleas'd to Shew,
To prune theſe Plants is all he bids us do,
Which, were it Toylſome, yet were Sweet with you.

Thus *Eve* reply'd; Dear ſhall thy precepts be,
I'll pay Obedience both to God and thee,
Thou art my Guide, thou art my whole Delight,
My dayly comfort, and my Joy by Night.
To Heav'n indeed I all my Praiſes owe,
Heav'n made me thine, and Heav'n did thee beſtow.

That day I oft remember er'e I roſe,
When I firſt wak'd, as if from Soft repoſe.
On a fair bed of Flow'rs, Beneath a ſhade,
I ſaw my ſelf in a Sweet Grotto lay'd.
Firſt my own form I did with wonder View,
All caus'd my Wonder then, for all was New.

With ſilent Admiration, as I lay,
I View'd the Light, and ſaw the Shining day.
Gently I ſtir'd Pleas'd with the Gratefull ſhow,
Gaz'd at theſe Locks, which round my Breaſts did Flow,
And wonder'd what I was, whence Brought, and How.
Around I look'd, look'd all around to ſee
If ought elſe Liv'd, or had a form like me.
My wond'ring Eyes long did I caſt around,
Still view'd my Self, and then the Flow'ry ground.
Thoughtfull I roſe, and in the Fragrant Blow'rs,
With Childiſh fondneſs I admir'd the Flow'rs.
Juſt at the Entrance of the Pleaſing Shade,
I ſaw mute Creatures which in Pairs were lay'd,
By them I paſs'd, and on their forms I Gaz'd,
Near me, all Fawn'd, and all appear'd Amaz'd.

A Murm'ring ſound I heard, not far from Thence,
Which ſtay'd my Progreſs, and allur'd my Senſe.
This gratefull Noiſe, rough Iſſuing waters made,
Which pour'd from Caves, and down the Valleys ſpread.
There Gently paſs'd, as Rivers to the main,
And Flow'd themſelves into a Liquid plain.
Thither I went, and on it's Banks I ſtood,
Then Lean'd and Look'd into the Silver Flood;
Soon as I caſt my Eyes upon the Stream,
To my Fond view a Beauteous Image came;
Frighted, I Started back, it Started too,
But ſoon I turn'd to take a Second View.
Calmly I look'd with an Alluring air,
And Saw it Smile, Pleaſ'd too, and Charming there.
Long on the Lake I held my conſtant Eye,
The Lake then Seem'd another Painted Sky.

There had I pin'd, and dy'd with vain deſire,
(Such power the Waters had to raiſe a Fire)
But that a Voice in warning accents ſaid,
It is thy ſelf thou See'ſt there, Beauteous Maid.
With thee it Comes, and goes, but walk theſe ways,
And I will lead thee where no Shaddow ſtays.
Where one with Fond, and Earneſt wiſhes Waits,
To meet, and Bleſs thee in theſe Happy Seats.
Thoughts of thy Soft embraces fill his Soul,
Thou Shal't enjoy him and poſſeſs him. whole
What could I do but follow ? Strangely led,
I wiſhing paſs'd along the Flow'ery mead.
At laſt I ſaw thee Tall indeed and Fair,
Beneath a ſhade you Stood, and view'd me there.
Lovely you look'd, and taking Charms you wore,
The watry Image Pleas'd me leſs before.
Tho' that more Soft, and amiably mild,
Winning and Fair, with Longing Glances Smil'd.

Towards me Strait you mov'd, all Charm'd I
(burn'd,
And wiſh'd, and Bluſh'd, yet with reſtraint I turn'd.
You following cry'd alou'd, whom Fly'ſt thou *Eve*,
My fair, thy Lover, and his Loves receive.
Forward in haſt with Lovely awe you came,
And your Eyes Sparkled with a riſing flame.
With low, Submiſſive bows my hands you preſt,
And claſp't me fondly to your Swelling Breſt,
Thus far your Actions woo'd, and your looks
(Spoke the reſt.
With a kind Glance, ſuch as muſt needs have Charms,
I pray'd you quit me from your Folded Arms.
Then on the Ground I caſt my Baſhfull Eyes,
Yours fixt on mine, Look'd with a fond Surpriſe.
Still wanting power to Speak, you Claſp't me faſt.
At Lenth, all fir'd, a kinder Glance I caſt,
And preſt you Cloſe to my own Breaſt at Laſt.

You

You all in Tranſport, did ſome Kiſſes give,
And cry'd my Fair, my beſt, my Deareſt *Eve*.
With fond Embraces firſt I look'd at you,
I ſaw you Sighing, and I ſtrait Sigh'd too.
Then didſt thou wiſh our Bleſſings to improve,
And led me Thence to know the Rights of Love.
With an unwilling willingneſs I Went,
And ſome Dear ſigh's as we Paſt on, I ſent.
Now at the Bow'r arriv'd, Fond arts you us'd,
And would enjoy, but Baſhfull I refus'd.
Sweetly you Pleaded, urg'd by am'rous Fires,
And ſhow'd your own, and Heightned my deſires.
I ſtill deny'd, much Pleas'd to hear you Sue,
Saw all your Longings, all your wiſhes knew;
And wiſh'd my Self with Paſſion more than you.
I mark'd your Loves which Rais'd your Fondneſs high,
Yet could not Grant, nor could I well deny.
The Joys you Sought, were ſure by Heaven deſign'd,

To be the greateſt Bleſſing Man can find.
Yet if no Courtſhip, and no Pains it coſt, (loſt.
I'ts Sweets would ſoon be Pall'd and all i'ts Pleaſures
Fondly you Strove, and all your arts you try'd,
You ſaw me Yield at laſt, yet Yielding I deny'd.
With grateſull Force which you did well Employ,
You both took from me, and you Gave me Joy.
But a Short while the tranſient Bleſſings Stay,
While in each others arms imparadis'd we lay.
So ſpake our Gen'rall Mother ; and with Eyes
Sparkling with Love, to Her Charm'd Husband flys.
Half of her Swelling Breaſt he might behold,
Free from her Treſſes Curls, which Looſely r oll'd
Naked, and Joyning, his beneath the Flowing Gold.
Pleas'd with Her Beauty, and Submiſſive Charms,
He with Superiour Love receives Her in his Arms.
Smiling he ſays, but firſt Her Lips he preſt,
The nighr, fair conſort, Warns us now to Reſt.

Sleep's,

ſleep's timely dew falls Gently down, and Lyes
With ſoft, and ſlumb'rous weight upon our Eyes.
Come then, my Love, ſoon as the Early Morn,
Shall all the Fruits, and Fragrant Flow'rs adorn ;
We muſt ariſe, and to our work prepare,
The dropping Gums and Bloſſoms need our care.
Beſtrown unſeemly, and unſmooth they Lye,
Hindring our walks, and Eaſy paſſage by.

To whom thus *Eve*, in ſmiles and Bluſhes dreſt.

As you command me, I ſhall haſt to Reſt,
I ſhall not e'er beyond thy Pleaſure ſtay,
Whate'er thou bidſt, unargu'd, I obey.
Obedience ſtill thro' all my acts Shall ſhine ;

So God commands, God is thy Law, thou Mine.

To know no more, nor Towring thoughts to Raiſe,
Is Woman's Happieſt knowledge, and Her praiſe.
With thee Converſing, I all time forget,
The Sun unmarkt by me, may Riſe or ſet.

Sweet

Sweet is the Breath of Morn, the Evening sweet,
All ſeaſons pleaſe me when with thee I meet.
The Shining day, and the ſtill, Starry Night,
While I have thee, are Gratefull to my Sight,
But all without thee could Yeild no Delight.
Thus talking Hand in Hand, on new fal'n Flow'ers,
They paſs, well Pleas'd, towards their Peacefull Bow'ers.
Their inmoſt Grotts of Odo'rous Trees were made,
And lofty Plants around them caſt their Shade.
In ſtatley pride Lawrells, and Myrthes grow,
And grace the Entrance with a Double row.
Roſe trees, and Geſſamin at the Doors appear,
And high their fragrant, Flouriſh'd Heads they rear.
Eve when eſpous'd, here did in Cloſe Receſs,
Her nuptiall Bed with Flow'ers and Garlands dreſs.
Thus at their Grotts arriv'd, they both Ador'd,
And thank'd, and Prais'd their ever Bounteous *Lord*,

Then ſide by ſide they Lay, nor Turning move
But to perform the Sacred Rites of Love.
Let others, as they pleaſe, Debarr their Joy,
And talk auſterely, but They did Enjoy.
Here Love his beſt, his Golden ſhafts Employ'd,
This Happy pair ſtill Lov'd, but nere were Cloy'd.
Whilſt a ſoft Choir of Birds their Nuptialls ſings,
Love lights his conſtant Lamp, and waves his pur-
(ple wings.
Secure they Lay, their Bow'er by *Angels* kept,
And, Lull'd by Nightingales, embracing ſlept.
The Flow'ry roof their Naked Limbs beſtrows,
With Show'rs of Violets, and the Fragrant Roſe.
Thus this Bleſt Pair's refreſh'd, and all the while,
Pleas'd do they Sleep, and in their Dreams they
(Smile.

THE BATTEL OF THE ANGELS;

Being an Imitation of the 6th. Book of Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.

THE BATTEL OF THE ANGELS

Being an Imitation of the 6th. book of Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.

NOW Heaven's dread Voice, which late ſpake loud, was ſtill,
And clowds began to Darken all the Hill.
In dusky Wreaths, Smoak roll'd reluctant Flame,
And peals of Thunder God's wak'd wrath proclaim;

With Godlike looks, Bright arming *Angells* fly,
And vaſt Etherial Trumpets ſounded thro' the Sky.
In the Horizon, far towards the North,
The Prince of Darkneſs led his Spuadrons forth.
In Batt'lous aſpect they were ſtretcht out far,
Where with proud ſtate They Stood to meet the Warr.
Their Flying Banners of bright Clowds were made,
Whereon were Boaſtfull Arguments portray'd.
From far appear'd, thro' the Celeſtiall fields,
Beam-pointed Spears, Helmets, and pond'rous ſhields.
Forward the Curs'd Apoſtate *Legions* ran,
For the Loud ſhout of Battel now Began.
High in the Midſt, exalted as a God,
Proud *Satan* in his Sun-bright Chariot Rode.
Idol Himſelf of *Majeſty* Divine,
His flaming Cherubim about him Shine.

Now Hoſt with Hoſt are met, this Chief alone,
Proudly deſcends from his Exalted Throne.
Before the Clowdy, van while Horſes pranc'd,
Proud *Satan* now, with Vaſt, and Haughty ſtrides
(advanc'd.
Whom Heaven's bright Glorious Hoſts might well
(behold
Come Tow'ring, arm'd with adamant and Gold.
Abbiel, who veiw'd him with a bold diſdain,
Ruſh'd forward now, and met him on the Plain.
When ſtrait a Noble Stroke he Lifted high,
Satan receiv'd the Blow, not us'd to Fly,
The blow reſounded thro' the upper Sky.
Of all his Force, by this aſſault, deſpoyl'd,
Ten paces huge the rebell back recoyl'd;
Down had he Fall'n and Lay'n all proſtrate there,
If not ſuſtain'd upon his Maſſie Spear.
Stagg'ring ſome time, forc'd to forſake his Ground,
He ſtraite, as if by Thunder ſtruck, Turn'd Round.

So

So, from Beneath the Earth ſome guſhing Flood,
Moves a Vaſt Mountain which had firmly Stood;
Born by the Rolling torrent half ſunk Down,
And the Floods roar to find the Mountain drown.
Thus ſhouted Heaven's bright Hoſts; their Chief
(Commands,
Michael, their Godlike Chief: his Foremoſt bands.
Arch-Angells Trumpets, as the Sign is given,
Sound dreadfull Loud, thro' all the Vaſt of Heaven.
Hoſanna now the Faithfull armies Sung,
Whoſe Joyfull Ecchoes thro' wide Regions Rung.
The Legions move, and now the Horrid ſhock
Made Thundring Skyes, with their Engagements,
(Rock.
Fierce ſtorming Fury in both Armies roſe,
And each confus'dly Charges on his Foes.
Dread ſhouts and Noiſes now fill all the Air,
And Clamours, ſuch as Heav'n ne're us'd to Hear.

Arms

Arms claſh on Armour, and the Madding Wheels
Of brazen Chariots rage, while the struck Driver
(Reels.
O'erhead the diſmal hiſs, where Squadrons drew,
Of fiery Darts in Flaming vollies flew.
No worſted Champions from the fight retire,
Tho' flying ſhafts Vaulted each Hoſt with fire.
None here knew Fear, each on Himſelf rely'd,
As if his arm alone could the dread ſtrife decide,
All there Fought boldly, none appear'd to Run,
And deeds of Everlaſting Fame were done.
Far wide was Spread the Various Toyl of War,
And All encounter'd in the Danger far,
Now on Firm Ground a ſtanding fight perform'd,
Then, thro' the ſcorching Air on ſoaring Wings
(they ſtorm'd.
Long time the Battel Hung in even ſcale,
Nor either ſide Could or'e his foe Prevaile.

Satan

Satan that day Prodigious Power had ſhown,
All who approach'd were by his arms Orethrown;
But ſaw his Hoſt to *Michaels* Sword give way,
It drove whole Squadrons with it's Conquering ſway.
In haſt, he Strait oppos'd him in the Field,
Under the vaſt Circumf'rence of his Shield.
Around him far it did from Danger Shade,
The rocky Orb of tenfold Adamant was Made.
At his approach the Great *Arch-Angel* broke
Forth from the Toyls of War, and thus Inflam'd, he ſpoke.
Ceaſe proud, aſpiring Fiend, deſiſt from War,
Leaſt Heav'n pour Vengeance on thee from afar.
Theſe are the Seats of Bliſs, the Seats of Love,
They bear not Violence, nor it's Works approve;
Hence to thy place allotted, hence to Hell,
That is thy Doom, and thou Deſerv'ſt it Well.

Haſt, and be gone, or my Avengefull Sword,
Shall act the will of thy Eternall *Lord*.
So ſpake the Prince of *Angels*; *Satan* now
Swells vaſt, and Anſwers with Contracted brow.
With aiery Threats think not to make me Yield,
'Tis time to Treat, when you have gain'd the Field,
What canſt thou Boaſt of, where is yet thy Praiſe,
What Trophies can you from your Valour raiſe.
Have ev'n the Leaſt of theſe Ignobly fled;
You ſhall not Terrour thro' our armies Spread,
While I am Chief, and Marching at their Head.
Hence thou to Hell, thy ſelf; no more thy *Lord*,
Shall by your Meniall Slavery be ador'd.
I'll Empty Heav'n of you——
Here we our ſelf triumphant, high ſhall Dwell,
Or turn this very Heaven into Hell.
Where is thy potent God? Let him appear,
Now, by my ſelf, I know he Stays thro' fear.

What! do I poorly Boaſt, a Slave! I ſee
Ev'n thy *Allmighty* is afraid of me,
Not he, but I ſhall the *Allmighty* be.

This ſaid, both Chiefs with all their utmoſt might
And furious Proweſs, now addreſt for Fight.
Such was the onſet, that no *Angel's* thought
Could reach their Godlike courage, for like God's they Fought.
Stood they, or mov'd, or Struck on either-ſide,
Fit they appear'd Heaven's Empire to decide.
Now, now they wav'd their Flaming Blades in Air,
And made dread Streaming, fiery circles there.
His glowing Sword each Warriour ſtrongly wields,
While two broad Suns Blaz'd oppoſite, their Shields.
With fiercer onſets each return'd the Shock,
Their armour claſh'd, and Struck like Rock on Rock.
Juſt ſo, ſhould Nature's Frame to ruine run,
Among the Conſtellations War begun.

Two Shining Planets ruſhing from on high,
Would Strike, with Feirce encounter, in the Sky.
At the firſt Shock turning each other Round,
Their Combat Soon would Jarring Spheres con-
(found.
Now both their Swords aloſt were Proudly rear'd;
And each to make the firſt Aſſault prepar'd.
At once they Struck, the Sword of *Satan* broke,
And in his Side deep he receiv'd the Stroke.
Loud ſhouts were rais'd, then *Satan* firſt knew
(Pain,
And writh'd him, to and fro Convoly'd, in Vain.
Fatally ſharp the Grinding Sword he found,
Thro' him it cut with Diſcontinuous wound.
Ethereal ſubſtance muſt by Nature cloſe,
Soon it Grows whole, but from the Gaſh aroſe
A ſtream of Necta'rous humour which in Tor-
(rents Flows.

Such Blood, Cæleſtiall Sp'rits, when Wounded,
It ſtain'd his Armour with a paler Red. (Shed;
His Friends, on ſhields, back to his Chariot bore
That conquer'd Chief, who Triumph'd there be-
(fore,
Groaning thro' Pain, and reeking in his Gore.
Not far from off the Files of War they came,
And lay'd him there, Loſt to his Pride, and fame,
Gnaſhing for Anguiſh, and deſpight, and Shame.
And now their Mightieſt quell'd, the Foe retreat,
Michael, God's Chief, gave them a full Defeat.
The Warlike field with ſhiver'd armes was Strown,
Chariot and Charioteer lay overturn'd, and thrown.
Confus'd in Heaps, were ſhatter'd Armours lay'd,
And fiery, Foaming Steed's ran wildly on, and
(Neigh'd.
The Vanquiſh'd Foe now with the day took Flight,
And the Curs'd Prince of Darkneſs was oblidg'd by
(Night.

Under

Under Her Cloudy covert he retires,
And in Her Foggs he rolls his ſultry Fires.
Michael encamp'd where he Victorious grew,
On the ſame Field he Fought, he Triumph'd too.
His Guards, and Watches plac'd, when now he Pray'd,
Cherubick, waving Flames his Standards there diſplay'd.
Satan in Councill ſits all Night to form,
Engins with which he hopes God's Throne to Storm.
Vaſt, Dev'liſh Cannons he with Sulphur fills,
And Mounts them high on Mighty rolling Wheels.
With theſe he comforts his Deſpairing Friends,
And ſeems aſſur'd that he ſhall Gain his Ends.
Theſe Dreadful Guns to all his Hoſt he ſhows,
They ſhall, he ſays, a Fatall Birth diſcloſe,
From far with Thund'ring noiſe among his flying Foes.
God's Saints, he adds, ſhall to his ſide Revolt,
And think 'tis he has got the Thund'rer's Bolt.

Proudly

Proundly he Slights the great Eternal Name,
And Boaſting loud, thro' Infamy ſeeks Fame.
And now the Morning dos its dawn Diſcloſe,
When up in haſt the Victor *Angels* roſe.
Not far they look'd, out to the Northern Coaſt,
When they behold the lately Vanquiſh'd Hoſt,
On tow'rds them Slow, yet firm their Squadrons came,
Thick as a Cloud, but Lighten'd into Flame,
Satan at Head, appear'd in Pompous Show,
He caus'd his Drums to beat, his Trumpets blow,
And then his dreadfull Cannons thunder'd on his foe.
The victor Hoſt, tho' firm as Rocks, and bold,
Fell thick, and *Angel* on *Arch-Angel* roll'd.
The Hoſt *Satanick*, Boaſts they ſhall Prevail,
With their chain'd Thunderbolts, and fiery Hail.
Their Guns begin the Cherubim to gore,
And they, thro' Joy, Loud as their Engines, roar.

God's

God's *Angels* are, tho' now too late allarm'd,
Naked of all Defence, by being Arm'd.
Impetuous Shots, upon their armour made,
Low on the Ground the doubtfull Seraphs lay'd
Which they, as Spirits, might unarm'd, evade.
This overthrow to Puniſh them was giv'n,
Their armour ſhould be confidence in Heav'n.
Worſted, but not Diſmay'd, they ran, they flew,
And from them far Armour and Arms they threw.
From their Foundations loos'ning to and fro, (Foe;
They pluckt the Seated Hills, and Hurl'd them at the
Shadowing they came, Turn'd downwards with
(their Floods,
While *Angels* held them by their Branching Woods.
Water in Streams from their Daſh'd tops diſtills,
As thro' the air Vaſt Hills encounter'd Hills. (far,
Thus, whilſt this Wreck was made, and Scatter'd
They Fought in diſmall ſhade ev'n in the heat of War.

Now

Now whilſt the falling Mountains daſh their Foes,
Confuſion heapt upon Confuſion roſe.
Now *Satan's* Hoſts fear they have loſt the day,
Buried Beneath the Hills, their Confidence and they.
Legions oppreſt by the vaſt Burthens fall,
Michael Involving in one ruin all.
Batter'd by Rocks, their Armour, bruis'd and cruſh'd,
With grinding Pain into their Subſtance ruſh'd.
And now their dreaded Guns are Uſeleſs grown,
By mighty Mountains Rudely overthown,
Whilſt *Satan*, Bruis'd himſelf, hears his hurt Legi-
(ons Groan.
Some, in Confuſion, from the Battel fly,
And wiſh in vain the wanted Pow'r to dye.
But now their Chief, Proud in his deep deſpair,
Rallies his choiceſt Bands who ſcorn to Fear,
Flyes to a vaſt high Mount, and bids Defyance
(there.

Peices

Peices of rocks from the dread Height they throw,
And *Angels* fly to Shun the Pond'rous blow.
The conqu'ring Hoſts in Vain to reach them try,
Their Mountains can't ſo far, tho' Wing'd with forreſts, Fly.

Now *Michael's* God hears the proud rebells boaſts,
And now reſolves to Prove the *Lord* of Hoſts.
He bids his Son haſt to the Dreadfull Fight,
And makes him Mightieſt in his Father's Might.
Go, ſays the Voice, (while Bleſt *Meſſiah* kneels,)
Aſcend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheels;
Get my Allmighty arms which Conquer far,
My Bow, my Sword and Thunder, all my War.
Go thou, and poure thy Force upon the Foe,
Go, haſt, my Son, full of thy Father, go.
He ſaid, and on him Strait with brighteſt rays,
The High, Allmighty's ſhining Glories blaze.
Commanded thus to Triumpth o're his Foes,
Meſſiah, bowing o're his Scepter, roſe.

Now the third ſacred Morn began to Shine,
With more than uſuall Luſtre and with Beams Divine
When God's dread Chariot ruſh'd with Whirlwind ſound,
Flaſhing thick Flames, and Thund'ring o're the Ground.

There, drawn by four Cherubick ſhapes in State,
The great *Meſſiah*, as Triumphant, ſat.
Swiftly theſe Cherubin aſcend the Skys,
Each with four wond'rous Faces onward Flys,
Their Bodies as with Stars, and Wings beſet with Eyes.

This ſhining Chariot bears Heav'ns brighteſt Sun,
Whilſt the ſtrong Diamond wheels prodigious, feircely run.
He on a Saphir Throne was Seated high,
And *Angels* o're his Head bore up a Chryſtall ſky.

At

At his right Hand, which Thunderbolts did hold,
Wing'd Vict'ry ſat, with viſage Nobly bold,
Whilſt from his Chariot, Flames with Fierce effu-
(ſion roll'd.

Onward he came, far off his comming Shone;
He's ſoon deſcry'd, and wellcom'd by his Own.
The Rebell Hoſts now dreaded, all amaz'd,
When the great Enſign of *Meſſiah* Blaz'd,
They ſaw him coming, Arm'd with flaſhing Flame,
Abaſh'd, and Thunderſtruck, before his Thunder
(came.

With Thouſand, Thouſand Saints attended far,
And with his Father's Chariots, all for War,
On wings of Cherub, now Sublime he Rode,
Great, and Illuſtrious, like the Son of God.
To him dos *Michael* all his Legions bring,
Diſpers'd, and Circumfus'd on either Wing.
Before him power Divine prepar'd his way,
He bids the Hills retire, the Hills obey.

He'ven's

He'ven's face renew'd, each Mountain rears his Pile,
And with freſh Flow'rs they and the Valleys ſmile.
Now great *Meſſiah* in his Chariot ſtands,
And gives to *Michael* charge of all his Bands.
Alone reſolv'd to Thunder from afar
And with his own right Hand ſubdue the War.
Satan Inrag'd at this, before he fell,
And yet in Heav'n, within him, felt his Hell.
Thro' all his troops in driving haſt he Flys,
Tells them all Hope in this laſt Battle lyes,
And proudly now he ſhouts----
And Blaſphemouſly bold the Son of God defys.
Drums beat on both ſides, and the Trumpets ſound,
Whoſe voice is ſoon by louder Thunder drown'd.
And now *Meſſiah* into terrour Grows,
His count'nance Changes dreadfull on his Foes.
At once the four their Starry Wings ſpread far,
With horrid ſhade Contiguous, dark'ning all the
War.

As

As with the Sound of torrents, Ruſhing bold,
The thund'ring Orbs of his fierce Chariot roll'd.
All but the Throne of God i'ts Motion feels,
The ſtedfaſt Empyrean ſhook beneath his Burning
(Wheels.
Onward he drove: and near his Foes he came,
And now his Chariot flaſhes Smoaky Flame.
In his right-hand his Thunderbolts he bore,
Thouſands he throws, and now Ten Thouſand
more,
Whilſt daſh'd *Satanick* Hoſts, loud as the Thunder,
(roar.
Down dropt their Idle weapons; over Sheilds
O're armour, Helms, and Arms he Triumphs thro
(the Fields.
O're thrones and mighty Seraphim he rode,
And Scatter'd wild deſtruction far abroad.
Whilſt routed Legions wiſh, but wiſh in vain,
The dreadfull Mountains now might be again
Thrown on them in huge Heaps, to ſhelter them
from Pain

On

On either ſide in a Tempeſtuous ſhow'r,
The fourfold-viſag'd Four their Fiery arrows pou'r,
One Spirit in them rul'd, and all their Eyes
Glar'd Light'ning which in dreadfull Flaſhes flyes.
Now *Satan* thunderſtruck, with all his Hoſt,
Forſakes the Fight, and owns the Battel loſt.
Vaſt Show'rs of Darts fly o're them, as they run,
Raiſing thick Clowds, and Dark'ning all the Sun.
Sparkling with Fire, and hiſſing thro' the Air,
They make all Heav'n dreadfull as Hell appear.
Like a diſperſing Herd, or tim'rous Flock,
Satanick Hoſts fled from the horrid ſhock.
Meſſiah now has a full Conqueſt ſeen,
And in mid Vollie holds his Thunder in.
Faſt he purſues them all with Terrours driv'n,
To the remoteſt parts, and utmoſt Bounds of Heav'n.
Now from the Chryſtall wall they might behold
The waſtfull deep; the wall far inward roll'd.

Such

Such Fiends as those Heaven now no longer bore,
Down tumbled Thousand Legions, Thousand more
Confounded Chaos Loud, did in dread Ecchoes roar.

THE

THE

Fall of Man.

BEING AN

IMITATION

Of the *Ninth BOOK* of

MILTON's Paradiſe

LOST.

THE

Fall of Man.

Being an Imitation of the 9th. Book of Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.

TWAS Morning now, and *Eve* the Happy bride,
Adviſ'd her Spouſe their Labours to divide,
In words like theſe, while Walking by his Side;
Adam, do thou, as Pleaſes beſt, remove,
The pains we take, ſo may Succeſsfull prove;
But ſide by ſide while we together go,
The ſpreading Boughs, faſt as we Lop them, Grow.

Plac'd near to thee, Perhaps, I work a while,
But ſoon I ſteal a look, and give a Smile.
Either our work, or our ſoft, Am'rous Play,
Or ſomewhat elſe we Talk of all the day.
Pruning the Trees, as I before you go,
That you may Reach me ſoon, I work but ſlow.
Or if you foremoſt in the Walk I ſee,
Slightly I paſs the Boughs, and Fly to thee.
Then with Embraces we the time delay,
And with dear Kiſſes one an other ſtay.
Thus ſpake Fair *Eve*, thus ſpake the Beauteous bride,
To her Lov'd *Lord*, who thus to her reply'd.
Well haſt thou Motion'd, fair one, hither come;
Thy charming Beauties like theſe Gardens Bloom.
Delightfull Bloſſoms in thy Face I find,
And full grown Fruits are rip'ning in thy mind.
Deareſt, moſt Priz'd, and above all things Lov'd,
Why wou'dſt thou be from thy Delight remov'd?

Soft

Soft, intervening Glances, fondneſs ſhow,
And timely ſmiles from Love and reaſon Flow,
God has impos'd no Task but what may Pleaſe,
And Labours but to recommend our Eaſe.
Sufficient time is given to Dreſs the Flow'rs,
To lop the growing Plants, and ſpreading Bow'rs;
All but the dayly Task of a few Leiſure Hours.
But if much Converſe cloy thee, I could Yield,
To paſs ſome time without thee in the Field.
To Pleaſure you, tho' I ſhall Fondly burn,
For ſhort Retirement urges Sweet return.
Diſtance will bring us Nearer, not remove,
And when we meet, we ſhall renew our Love.
When from afar I ſee thy Beauteous Charms,
I'll haſt, and Ruſh all Tranſport to thy arms.
Whilſt thy Bright Eyes ſhooting out Shining fires,
In me ſhall Kindle fond, yet Fierce deſires.

Guſh'd

Guſh'd with delights, I'll fold thee Gently ſo,
Whilſt both our Cheeks with riſing Bluſhes glow,
I'll kiſs, and vow I'll never, never let thee go.
But ah! Some ſuddain thought has Check'd me, *Eve*,
We muſt not part, I ca'nt without thee Live.
We have a foe whom I extreamly fear,
Stir not from Hence, but if you Love, Stay here.
Together ſtill, we need not be afraid,
But may, if Tempted, Yield each other Aid,
Yet thou, or I alone, may be Betray'd.
Whatever comes, Leave not this faithfull ſide,
That gave thee being, Stay with me, my Bride.
The wife, whenever Warn'd of Dang'rous ways;
Safeſt, and Seemlieſt by her Husband ſtays.
Thus *Adam* Spake, while *Eve* attentive Hears,
And thus replys; Diſpell thy cauſeleſs Fears,
The truth of what you Warn me, well I know,
But do you doubt, becauſe there is a Foe.

Sure

Sure I can firm againſt his hatred Prove,
Not all his arts my Conſtancy can move,
Angels themſelves could not Eſtrange my Love.
Of Death or Pain uncapable we Live,
Force can't avail, unleſs I Pleaſe to give.
Whate'er is offer'd, if it ſeem not Well,
Either I can't receive, or can repell.
So, 'tis the fraud of the cloſe Foe you dread,
And think my eaſy Faith may be Miſled.
If we Unſafely from each other Go,
Eden expos'd, can be no *Eden* ſo.
To whom thus *Adam* anſwer'd; Beauteous *Eve*,
Too Late, I fear, you may my words Believe,
Who deceiv'd *Angels*, may thee too deceive.
Warn'd be me thus, ſcince you your Faith muſt try,
Remember me, and on your God rely.
Go then, for now my Hope on this depends,
You thus Prepar'd, the Foe may Miſs his ends.

Whate'er

Whate'er the Tempter, or Temptation be,
I charge thee, Touch not the Forbidden Tree.
With thy Permiſſion then, ſays *Eve*, I Go,
Doubt not, my Love, I ſhall reſiſt the Foe.
Then ſoftly drawing from his Hand Her own,
She ſmiling Leaves him, ſo Secure ſhe's Grown.
Quickly, he crys, ah! Quickly, *Eve*, return,
With great concern I ſhall thy abſence Mourn.
Well pleas'd, She Promiſes to ſee Him Soon,
And in the Bow'r to wait him, e'er 'tis noon.
With ardent Looks he views Her on Her way,
Delighted much, but Wiſhing more Her ſtay.
Still dos he Gaze while the Dear form he ſees,
But ſoon No more perceives Her, hid by Trees.
Loſt, and Unbleſt, he muſt Alas! no more
Behold a guiltleſs Bride all Charming as before.
Thro' fragrant ſhades of Roſes does She go,
The Roſes now in deeper Bluſhes Glow.

Super-

Superfluous leafs, which grew Deform'd, She crops,
And ſlender Stalks of drooping Flow'rs ſhe Props.
But of her ſelf, (fair Flow'r!) She takes no care,
Tho' ſtorms are nigh, and She from Succour far.
At length the Serpent ranges thro' the Fields,
He comes, He tempts, and as He temps, She yields.
And now Perſwaded by a long Diſpute,
She boldly Taſtes of the forbidden Fruit.
Raſhly ſhe Eats, then to Debate ſhe fell,
Nor knows ſhe yet has ſhe done Ill or well.
Now ſhe reſolves, what e'er the Danger be,
Adam ſhall Taſt the Fruit, made Guilty too as ſhe.
In words, like theſe, ſhe dos her Fondneſs ſhow,
Adam ſhall ſhare with me in Bliſs, or Woe,
To Life, or Death, we ſhall together Go.
Should he not Taſt, and I by Doom not Live,
He would be wedded to another *Eve*.

Then would his Second Fair my Guilt approve,
'Tis death to think he ſhould a Second Love.
So ſaying, ſtrait to *Adam* ſhe repairs,
Contriving reaſons to Subdue his fears.
Impatient grown, He had a Garland made,
Of choiceſt Flow'rs to Crown her lovely Head
Whom loſt he finds, and in Amazement ſtands,
To ſee a bough held Brandiſh'd in her Hands.
Eve with excuſes tells what She has done,
Urges that he ſhould Equall Hazzard run,
And bids him not ſuch Proffer'd Bleſſings ſhun.
With brisk, alluring Air her Spouſe ſhe Warms,
Alas! what Woman wants Prevailing Charms!
She guilds her Crime with Thouſand reaſons giv'n,
And Damns him with large Promiſes of Heav'n.
Fluſhing ſhe Spoke, her Cheeks ſuch Bluſhes wore,
As the fair Fruit which in her Hands ſhe bore.

Adam

Adam awhile, Aſtoniſh'd, and amaz'd,
Stood ſpeechleſs by, and on the apples Gaz'd.
From his ſlack Hand the falling Garland ſhed,
The faded Roſes, which now loſt their Red.
At length, all Trembling, ſilence thus he Breaks,
And to his Fatall, but Lov'd *Eve*, he ſpeaks.
How late, vain fair one, Did ſt thou idly Boaſt,
Yet art thou Loſt, yes, on a Suddain Loſt.
Defac'd, deflowr'd, rob'd of thy Blooming ſtore,
Juſt like thoſe Roſes faded——
Never! ah, never to be Beauteous more. (be,
Doom'd, and Condemn'd, Death muſt thy Sentence
Death be it then to both——
For thou haſt Curſt thy ſelf, and with thee, Me.
Why ſhould I now propoſe, or wiſh to Live,
No, not tho' God ſhould form another *Eve*.
No ſecond fair could ſuch a Bleſſing prove,
For, after thee, what could be worth my Love.

This, and much more, Extreamly mov'd, he ſaid,
While lifeleſs Paleneſs thro' his Viſage ſpread.
She, all the while, Jocund, in Game-ſome Mood,
Laughs at his Fears, and now holds back the Food.
Ten Thouſand arts ſhe uſes, looks, and Smiles,
And now deludes him with her Specious wiles.
At laſt he Yields and ruſhes to her Arms,
Thro' ſoft Endearments, more her Beauty Warms;
What vig'rous Man reſiſts, when naked Woman
Smelling the Fruit, on *Eve* his Eyes he caſt, (charms
She Plucks, and Smiles, and he too Plucks at laſt,
And now together Wantonly they Eat,
All o're Tranſported with the Charming meat.
With his Lov'd *Eve* the flowing Juice he Drinks,
The place not Paradiſe, but Heav'n he thinks.
He looks, ſhe Smiles, he Dallies with her Hair,
He Claſps her, She Claſps too, but crys Forbear.

So when ſhe found him Stagg'ring into Sin,
By female Arts, and Wiles ſhe led him in.
Before his veiw the tempting Bough ſhe bore,
And only held it back, to urge Him on the more.
But now their Tranſports to exceſſes fly,
For ſoon Endearment works the Paſſion high.
Now more Inflam'd, Cloſely his Bride he preſt,
And ſpread warm Kiſſes o're her Panting Breaſt.
From her lewd Eyes ſuch eager Glances came,
Love's fires they Kill'd, and kindled luſtfull Flame.
Now to their Bow'r, not diſtant far, they Haſt,
And ſome few Moments do their Pleaſures laſt.
For now the tranſient Bleſſings quickly Cloy,
Their falling Spirits ſink, and with them ſinks their Joy.
Not, as before their Fall, do they poſſeſs,
When they Enjoy'd to a Divine exceſs,
Nor by enjoying did the Sweets grow leſs.

Now

Now ſpent, with Languid Eyes they look a while,
But no ſoft Glances caſt, to raiſe a Smile.
A Gloomy Slumber dos their ſenſe o'retake,
And in their Dreams perplext, with broken Starts
Like *Sampſon* now his *Dalilah* he views, (they wake,
Cloſe by his Side, but no Endearment ſhews.
With looks eſtrang'd, he marks her as ſhe lyes,
Frowning his Brows, and Angry were his Eyes,
While all within Tempeſtuous Paſſions riſe.
Now ſtanding up, he veiws Her with diſdain,
And crys, vain Creature! beyond Fancy, vain!
My ſtrength by thy raſh Weakneſs is Betray'd
And thou I find Wer't perfect Woman made.
Curſe on thy Wiles, Heav'n form'd thee for Deceit,
All Imperfections make thy Sex compleat.
What wild deſire of Wand'ring led thee on,
To ruine me, and be thy Self undone?

Thou

Thou worſe than Serpent, Baſe, deceitfull *Eve*;
The Tempter beſt might in thy form Deceive.
Led tho' ſtrange errours, Traytreſs, thou haſt been,
Tho' by the Devill, deſirous to be ſeen.
Whilſt I, fond I, ſuch Lovers fancies are,
Thought nought could Injure thee, ſo Sweet, and (Fair.
This ſaid, on *Eve* he fixt his conſtant Eyes,
Who, now the Crime excuſing, thus replys.
Look not ſo harſh on your fond, hapleſs Bride,
Muſt I have never Parted from thy Side.
I might as well a Lifeleſs Rib remain,
Ah! would to Heav'n I were ſo now again.
Why did not you, you who my Failings know,
Command me Abſolutely not to go,
It was thy Fault, not mine, I thought no Ill,
Woman is weak in all things, but her Will.
Beſides, no Enmity between us known,
I meant the Foe no harm, ſo dreaded none.

Thus

Thus by her Speech her Innocence ſhe Prov'd.
Whom *Adam* anſwer'd thus, Extreamly mov'd,
And Calmer Grows becauſe he knew ſhe Lov'd.
Come, to the Figtrees let us ſtrait repair,
And hide our Naked parts from one another there,
Around them tall, faſt rooted Twiggs I ſee,
And Daughters grow about the Mother Tree.
Broad are their Leafs, with them Conceal thy Shame,
Thus *Adam* her, and She did *Adam* blame.
Hence it appears her Sex dos Nothing Ill,
Their crime is charg'd on their Accuſer ſtill,
And the Wife blames the Man who ſhould reſ-
(train her Will,

THE END.

BELLONA AND ASTREA.

[*Ast:*] BEllona, ſtay, forſake not *Albion's* (Shore,
Tho' now thou Rav'ſt in horrid Arms no more.
The Conqueſt mine, mine ſhould the Triumph be,
By thy own Victories I vanquiſh'd thee.
Throw not thy Helmet by, nor drop thy Shield,
Be thou *Aſtræa's* Champion in the Field,
For I am Raviſh'd if *Bellona* Yield.

[*Bell.*] Still must I range along the burthen'd Plains,
Must I still Fright *Brittannia's* harrass'd Swains?
Beneath my Tread no smiling Corn will Grow,
All will be Barren where my Sword shall Plow.
Detain me not, or keep me Bound your Slave;
You may in time Repent the Power you Gave.

[*Ast.*] With fierce Embrace *Bellona* was pursu'd,
You *Nassaw* ravish'd, but *Astrea* woo'd.
Tho' now his Bride, still I'm his Mistress too,
Only to Yield to me, he Vanquish'd you.
When thy large Veins are Swell'd, all's Ravag'd far;
And I too Triumph in the Spoyls of War.
Sheath thy strong Sword, but Sheath it at thy Side,
Be thou the Guard of *Albion*, I the Guide.
Secure of reaping, labouring Hinds shall Sow,
Corn with no Burthen, but its own, shall bow;
And it shall never fall Unripen'd now.

Safe

Safe in thy Fence, long shall it Laughing Stand,
And, gently bowing, Court the Reaper's hand.
Ceres shall pregnant Golden Crops afford,
The Rustick hook edg'd by the Souldier's Sword,

[*Bell.*] Rather my Troops turn Shephards peace-
(full swains,
And where they Conquer'd, now Manure the Plains:
At work, the Hinds of Foes shall hear them tell,
Thus, thus, they Struck, and thus the others Fell.
How did Rome's great Dictator *Quinctius* bow.
He stoop'd to Fight, but Triumph'd to the Plow.
How did bold *Cadmus* Till the patient Earth,
And to a warlike Troop give suddain Birth.
So may my Forces make kind *Tellus* bear,
And, when Occasion serves, start up to War.

[*Ast.*] Must then the fam'd *Brittannia's* glory
(sleep,
And Men who fought like Lyons, look to Sheep.

O poor Reward for labours, labours loſt,
Muſt Souldiers boaſt to Hinds, and only boaſt.
The mighty Ruſtick's fame too far you Spread,
Who choſe to Plow rather than Fight for Bread.
Of *Cadmus* army ſprung from Earth you tell;
Think, how that Earth-born Army quickly fell.
The grov'ling Heroes, not inur'd to Foes,
Serv'd but to fat thoſe Furrows, whence they roſe.
Peaſants unus'd to the Alarms of War,
Rather would Dye at home, than Conquer far.
Let every Artiſt have his Task aſſign'd,
The fruitfull Earth be harrow'd by the Kind,
Let Seamen ſteer, and watch the changing Wind.
In his own Element give each his right,
Let Tradeſmen gain, and let the Souldier Fight.
[*Bell.*] But now the ſound of Thund'ring Bat-
(tel's o're,
Soft Peace flows in, let Souldiers be no more.

Let

Let me and mine be Baniſh'd from your Iſle,
Dwell you in ſlumbers, free'd from Warlike toyl;
Smile on your flow'ry Lawns, and fragrant Meads,
All muſt be Happy where *Aſtræa* treads.

[*Aſt.*] The mighty Chief, who triumph'd o're the Ball,
Kept up thoſe Armies who had Vanquiſh'd all.
Allways in Poſture to reſiſt a Foe,
So he Gain'd conqueſts, he Maintain'd them So.
They, whom no Quarrells, no diſputes divide,
Bear ſtill their faithfull Guardian at their ſide.
They who give no Affront, fear no abuſe,
Wear Swords for ornament, if not for uſe,
This all *Brittannia's* happy Sons confeſs,
And is her Safety or her Honour leſs.
Can there be one among *Aſtrea's* Friends,
Who ſlights his Country, yet himſelf Defends.
Stay then, *Bellona*, under my command,
Thou art more ſafe than in a Forreign Land.

Thy

Thy troops in others int'reſts Joyn'd, my Pow'rs
Might ſue too late, and Pray in vain for Yours.
Should you Inſult *Brittannia's* Peacefull ſhore,
How ſhould I Court what I had Scorn'd before!
O *Albion*, happy in your Pow'r remain,
Priſe high your *Naſſaw's* his *Aſtrea's* raign.
Confide in him! That's ſure the Leaſt you owe,
And he who Sav'd you, your Defence ſhall grow.
Reward his Souldiers for their Manly toyl.
Crown them with Plenty on their Native ſoyl.
Next to their Chief, load them, with Honours too,
What could not *Brittons* led by *Naſſaw*, do.
Who, Mighty Prince! can Trace thy Actions o're,
Heaven ſtill contrives to make thy Bleſſings more,
Thou now Confirm'ſt what thou hadſt given be-
The Guift encreaſing ſeems for ever new, (fore.
To You from Heav'n Inſur'd, to Us from you.

Main-

Maintain thy Force, to Earth and Seas give Law,
And keep not *Gallia* but the World in awe,
Thy pow'rs in Arms; what Mortall Foe ſhall dare
Diſturb their Peace, who can at will, make War.
Wiſe is thy rule, as *Neptune's* o're the Seas,
You who Calm'd ſtorms would never Tempeſts
No vengefull Thunder unprovok'd will Fly, (raiſe.
Tho' ſtill 'tis Temper'd in the gloomy Sky.
When Earth's proud Sons Olympus did invade,
Heav'n had been Sack'd, had not Jove's bolts been
(Made.

FINIS.